

Poetry Series

**TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,(((
PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm
Flottila .
- poems -**

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TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,(((PaLeSTiNe)))FreedOm
Flottila .(25TH OF APRIL)

ف ل س ط ي
ن Eagles' Nest)))))) ف
ل س ط ي ن
((((For Palestine))))

30/03 raped land's day..more than 60 years of occupation..many decades passed while an old lady carries her stolen home's key, wondering if this is really what do they call civilization... a lady and a key grew old while they long to kiss that door.....to inhale that fresh air from that green land..

the green land

of birds always
said....

NO..for many traveling

and yes for one in hand

can't understand....

invasion of other's land? ?

.....

un stable the ground

and so many and....

would you seek another....

as here

a moving sand..

it is an eagle's nest

.....

it's
for unique brand,

.from the wrong to stand

while birds are flying
and back with empty hand,

try to be the grand by leaving
other's land...

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

ف ل س ط ي ن Another Massacare By Israel Against Peace Activitsts, Freedom Flotilla'

31/05/2010 Israeli occupation forces massacred 20 activists on board the Gaza-bound "Freedom" flotilla Sunday overnight and Monday, .60 other people were also injured. The killing took place in international waters.20 Peace Activists Maybe Killed, Scores Injured by Israeli Naval Forces During their Attack on the Freedom Flotilla in International Waters.

The Israeli occupation soldiers attacked all the ships from the air and boats, they boarded the ships firing at the unarmed peace activists.

They have been rounding them up to take them as prisoners to the Israeli naval base in Isdood, which the Israelis call Ashdod after they dispossessed its Palestinian population in 1948 and evicted them to Gaza as refugees until today.

All communications with the Freedom Flotilla, carrying hundreds of peace activists and hundreds of tons of humanities supplies to the Gaza Strip, were lost as Israel scrambled all communications and warned the activists to turn back. Injuries were reported after the Navy violently attacked the ships.

the captain of one of the ships was seriously wounded after the navy violently attacked the ship, and even refused to allow him to receive medical treatment.

The army used rounds of live ammunition and gas bombs against the peace activists.

the navy opened fire at the ships, attacked them from the sea and the air, and that all activists are now detained in their own ships.

Israel scrambled all communications in preparation to carry a full attack against the ships.

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg, (((((PaLeSTiNe))))))

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

(((Love's Songs * Wo Ai Ni..Our Love In Rome)))

(a simple cheerful poem..changing the dusty wheather.)

..all tongues sing our love's songs... wo ai ni..
.Aishiteru

on our day..

France roses say
Je t'aime

..on our day all tongues sing our loving songs
my verses say..
I love you.....

through the Ether my whispers Echo
from spain it says to you...
Te quiero

my arabic beats say to you

. in my look you read a book

(ahebak.....bahebak.....Ohebok)

today my wish became true and said to you
Ich liebe dich

kocham cie

Szertlek

on our melody.. the dancing moon lightened by us, when said to me

miluji te

Aloha AU Ia 'Oe

Eu te amo

jeg elsker dig

L'ubim Ta

my love...so true

Ik hou van je

E'g elska big

te dua

a chinese messenger carried to me.

a short letter waved

. by ocean of devotion with words three
wo ai ni

from japan

Aishiteru

with a breeze of dew

while waiting Rome every day my love grow

on that stage will sing to you

TI AMO

Ti amo

Main tumse pyaar kartee hun'..from Anjali in hindu...
said to me to say to you before you run

we will ease the difficult ways and everyday we will sing

Je t'aime

NOTE: still ism updating this poem..you can add some other languages....

je t'aime

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

**(((((((You Murder Me When You Murder The
Truth))))))**

DON'T MURDER ME.....

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe)))FreedOm Flottila .

(((((((((((A Massacre Is Not A Massacre..))))))))))

.Written on June 3,2010 at 8: 03 pm by Sol Stance

A massacre is not a massacre..

By Ghassan Hage/ professor of anthropology and social theory at the University of Melbourne.

I don't write poems but, in any case, poems are not poems.

Long ago, I was made to understand that Palestine was not Palestine;
I was also informed that Palestinians were not Palestinians;
They also explained to me that ethnic cleansing was not ethnic cleansing.
And when naive old me saw freedom fighters they patiently showed me that they were not freedom fighters, and that resistance was not resistance.
And when, stupidly, I noticed arrogance, oppression and humiliation they benevolently enlightened me so I can see that arrogance was not arrogance, oppression was not oppression, and humiliation was not humiliation.

I saw misery, racism, inhumanity and a concentration camp.
But they told me that they were experts in misery, racism, inhumanity and concentration camps and I have to take their word for it: this was not misery, racism, inhumanity and a concentration camp.
Over the years they've taught me so many things: invasion was not invasion, occupation was not occupation, colonialism was not colonialism and apartheid was not apartheid.

They opened my simple mind to even more complex truths that my poor brain could not on its own compute like: "having nuclear weapons" was not "having nuclear weapons, " "not having weapons of mass destruction" was "having weapons of mass destruction."

And, democracy (in the Gaza Strip) was not democracy.
Having second class citizens (in Israel) was democracy.
So you'll excuse me if I am not surprised to learn today that there were more things that I thought were evident that are not: peace activists are not peace activists, piracy is not piracy, the massacre of unarmed people is not the massacre of unarmed people.

I have such a limited brain and my ignorance is unlimited.
And they're so fucking intelligent. Really.

Ghassan Hage is professor of anthropology and social theory at the University of Melbourne

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

(((((((((((Freedom Of The Minds))))))))))

(occupation of the minds IS more dangerous than occupation of the lands)

you win yourself the moment your mind is free

you will be free that moment you own yourself...

the moment you own yourself is a seed of the strong standing tree

18/05/09...

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe)))FreedOm Flottila .

((((((((Without Bread My Mind Is Dead))))))))))

dead..dead..sleepy mind..

The contemplation is my bed.

Prisoner bird..starving mind

..feed the mind with hot bread.

..(my mind is kid) ..

a sighing mind..a gasping bird..

free the bird..

revive the kid by feeding mind with hot bread..

hot bread..without bread
my mind is dead..my mind is dead..

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

((((((I....Exhale.....Youuuuuu))))))

I send you to a windy dust

before I inhale you

I exhale you....

I leave you with your lust

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

))))))))) 'Freedom Flotilla' Another Massacre By Israel Against Peace Activists

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TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))Freedom Flotilla .

***** ((((((A Start Of A Night))))))

The nights announce it's rights
to the mirrors it complain me...

tonight i decided to be...
tonight I return me to me
let us contemplate our night
be the mirrors, spend a heartfelt night with me

waiting no more
for the hopes, for closed doors
to the mirrors the waiting complain me

tonight a little heart will take
that is the time to give me

the waiting apologize to me....

to be cont.

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

*****facets Of A Night*****

Between that sweet taste and your name in her mouth

few moments there were.

The days do not complete..

they are followed by the darkest nights..

hotness of summer followed by drought of fall.

a glance to the moon we could have..

yet before we taste any trance in a waiting night..

the beats' rhymes will be broken by the sun's light.....

a changable creatures we are...they are..

each has his reasobanle and un reasonable seasons..

each has his stages of his ages...

The cosmos lacks stability...

that internal..the external state

are exposed to the windy stromy nights...

In the poets' universe each face has many other facets.....

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

***a Mermaid's Sleep Which Used To Escape In A Waiting Shape

last night where the soul's sorrow was a mate,

last night where she found one start,

an end of a falling tear, or perhaps a newborn of a pain..

last night where a start left a trace of rain in her cloudy eyes...calling he who knows how to dive in oceans of her hidden emotions, who invade the soul....

who could find where are the holes of a traveling ship,
who could be a captain for her trip,

. her sleep which used to escape in a waiting shape,

while waiting for little hope...

....for a healer to

eradicate the

killer of the souls..to knot that broken rope.

the seeker seek arts of reading soaring hearts,

an artist in listening, singing, reading others' arts

before tasting that pleasure of a sailor's arrival..before the arrival knocks her doors...she found him on his shores and again ready to depart...

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

****a Cheerful Poem For Whom Will Be Caught..For The Big Rat**

note: iam still under the attack of the Rats WHOM THANKFULLY push my poems to be advanced in top 500.....and by the way..they come to the trap by themselves...many have been caught....26/9/09...

I close my windows, my doors and for you a trap I left in WHICH you will be caught,

...for my poems which have been degraded to 2 and to 7. eight.

. put for you some pieces of poisonous meet, little biscuit..and on A golden plate some sticky cheese and broken bone

.
the great, fruitful trees with hard stones always will be thrown by whom has ugly trait...

will be in wait if you dare to give THEN give me that low rate...and gaze in my eyes and ventilate and tell why all this hate and all that thorn

lol..this is a mini poem which i will update...

FOR WHOM CONTINUE TO GIVE ME 1/10..THEY ARE MORE THAN ONE RAT...

hi friends..iam still facing trouble in commenting..what i face is different than any one of you, i hope you will look around and see what happened to my poems..my best poems were visited one by one by a group of people and the poem which was rated 10/10 44 times decreased suddenly to 7.8 or 8.3 what does that mean if you are good in calculation..it is not done by just one but by many and this is not a healthy situation here..

i aplogize..i made this poem as a funn and no i will not makemy self do not body has to know what is going on..just please try to see more than popularity and rating..try to know and see that there is thefting and not poetry and this has to be raised to ph staff may be they can change little of this ugly attitudes of some.....alright i said i will check the rating before i put this and it happened they are here and i will discover them and say their name on

puplic.....thanks

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

****a Seed Of Awarrior Poet..Updated One**

(A prose which was written few months back)

.....
(for some of my friends whom I lost sadly today)

.....
for those whom are SO holy in my mind,

I steal from my thoughts few thoughts,

for whom called warriors and poets....

those who create

from the end start, from the failure success..

whom they have so odd stories, filled by

pain and long ways of trials,

their aching souls witnessed many traps...

they never stop despite the stabs

their success is the journey... the taste

of that rest after

walking the long hectic ways..the rest of the

bleeding feet..the taste of

admireres whom with them so long
differ...

the demolishing which build in them

a tower.

the pure feeling which born from a

suffer,

the deep vision, the wisdom which heal and recover

Warriors and poets.. do talk while

they walk..they do not sit or rest,

chairs are created for the guests but not for the

hosts..

.. that day found my self standing again and alone,

that moment only i felt again free..so

happy i was

soaring and realized that i'm a seed of a

warrior..perhaps i'm a seed of a poet

I walked my long way again once again to

start again, at the end i sang for the

freedom...my freedom from that

chair.. it was a few

moments after my success

which can be considered as a failure by

others

that day....

one girl said to me..you are a fish and have been thrown to sea

but that sea rejected me when discovered that i'm not a fish but another sea

what a beauty, what a greatness when you belong to you, when no one own you,
when your soul stay always soaring when your soul stay free

free..free..free

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

****i Welcome Your Stab *****...**

.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

one that iam so popular and i don't need to write about the dirty issues which happen here to be popular.....I am from first day popular..then YOU ARE SO CAREFUL to read these days but for my poems you were taking years to read.. I think that you are the first one who wanted to stay from first ten....thankssssssssssssssssss

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

***did You Pay To Them To Click On You? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
? ? ? ? ? ?**

My home based on love, patients
honesty, and sincerity, made my whole

slowly, slowly as snail reach my goal
your name made by cheating
tomorrow soon it will fall,

within an hour you will reach by your army
you will be on top of all, poetry kids killedby you
click and click shot, and shot with no rule

my goal is loving ones being mate with my soul,

congrat. for your fall

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

...Abby Makkaway And Her Wonderful Poem

A beauty which I saw in a little one from pain she grow
who parents others, who on a mountain she stood
with eyes of a child she silently gaze
while the ugly hands push her from that cliff...

now I can't describe what she wrote.I just say it was a marvelous poem filled
by so deep emotions, mature, wise one..I suggest to all who love the beauty and
that angelic pain to read her poem which called

Poems by Abby Mackaway: 18 / 20

Silent falling star

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

A Crying Orphan.. Watchful Eyes Guarding You

(YEARS AGO)

..One day I thought of leaving, It was a moment, I closed my eyes, my self was torn to pieces, a part of me was taken away that moment I saw a crying orphan begging me to stay...

I found my self surrounded by all of you
your tears filled my eyes and in my turn started to cry asking how and why i
forgot my place which is placed so high in the sky

you whispered to me..you are the giver and you will never be a miser,

in your eyes I saw my touch healing you, watchful eyes guarding you,

when the sky will be mean Iam the rain in your desert, the shiny sun in a stormy
way, I'm the cover in the lonely nights, iam the breeze in a summer day,

we as it may seems Florence nightingale to soldiers in the war
We are the guide for the lost in UN unknown land, we maintain our motto pledge
to provide the needy with our care, regardless to religion, ethnicity and race...

(deeply rooted in the land, no one shakes us, able always to stand in the face of
a stormy sands)

we are the pain relievers, happiness builders, secrets' keepers

when every body leaves, you find me there ready to give, ready to care,
eradicate scary nights with night mare, like the doves carry you back to home,

AFTER THAT HECTIC DAY.....I BECOME MORE CONSISTENT TO STAY

despite DIFFICULTIES.., CROOKED WAY..

I will be your father, mother, I will not bother, how much the cost, how much i
pay,

and when my tears became dear to my eyes,
your praying convinced me more and morrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrreeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee
just..... to stayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy

The blurred pictures started to be more clear.....

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

A Cup Of Emotion

EMOTIONS' CUP...

Sip with me a cup of few sunny,
warm and rainy emotions in this morning.
say it before you leave..

The noisy sound which is around
prevent us at times to listen to the beautiful songs..,
do not let us see the truth and the depth of it,
the beauty which is there every where.
wasting for the pleasure when we lose appreciation's treasure....
when we stay blind..

I do realize what within,
that in front and what behind..,
Before the death I taste the life..
from each garden I carry some flowers,
I plant one in me and give other to another.
I carry a stone from each weepy land,
a dropp from each rain.
a painful song, a beautiful scene.
,
when I'm away.

by recalling them
I do guard my heart,
I revive my sighing mind

When we leave without realizing the beauty of that sound which could be found
among the crowd..

we leave while carrying life's heaviness in one strand...

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

A Strange State

Darkest nights alter to colored lights, .
Bodies yet lose the weight,
reaching a strange state
when you find your soulmate, and one thought
two minds celebrate.

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

A Thunder's Sighing Tone

your heart beats shaped in a sorrowful poem..

filled by the heat of a hot ZONE, ..

the loneliness of a dawn..

the words apologize for it's paralysis..

while it has a thunder's sighing feeling tone

the silence speak in presence of the beauty kingdom.....

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Able To Face The Storms In The Race

SAME RACE.....

Able to face
the storms in the race,
climb mountains
and back to base
.Hands IN hands,
souls with souls,
eye to eye
and face to face,
.Life is short
Time is fast
we live in haste,
You dig the roads with will and thoughts
you fill the minds with will and voice,
not fool but wise, no one erase
You surf the sea,
you dig and see
and back to place
You dive in souls,
rub hate and fools
with peace replace

.....The SaMe RaCe

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Able To Face The Storms In The Race

THE SAME RACE.....

ABLE TO FACE

THE STORM IN THE RACE,

CLIMB MOUNTAINS

AND BACK TO BASE

HANDS IN HANDS

SOULS WITH SOULS

EYE TO EYE

AND FACE TO FACE

LIFE IS SHORT,

TIME IS FAST

WE LIVE IN HASTE,

YOU DIG THE ROADS

WITH WILL AND THOUGHTS

YOU..FILL THE MIND

WITH LOVE AND VOICE

NO ONE ERASE,

YOU SURF THE SEA

YOU DIG AND SEE,

AND BACK TO

PLACE

YOU DIVE IN SOULS,

YOU USE ALL TOOLS

RUB HATE AND FOOLS,

AND PEACE REPLACE

THE SAME RACE

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

And Yes For One In Hand....

EAGLES' NEST

30/03 palestine celebrate their raped land's day..more than 60 years of occupation..many decades passed while an old lady carries her stolen home's key, wondering if really this is what they called it civilization... a lady and a key grow old while they long to kiss that door.....to inhale that fresh air from that green land..

The Green Land

of birds always

said....

NO for many traveling

and yes for one in hand,

can't understand....

invasion of other's land? ?

.....

un stable the ground

and so many and....

would you seek an other....

as here

a moving sand..

it is an eagle's nest

.....

it's

for

unique

brand,

.....

from the wrong to stand

when the birds are flying

and back with empty hand,

try to be the grand by leaving

other's land...

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Another Snake

(few days back I saw A big snake in my dreams, the same snake which was in this poem about to hurt me tomorrow..29/09/09..9am)

THE SNAKE

At the right

UNDER SHELF...silence THERE IN A BOX

ready TO BITE

.....
.....

ME AND SHE WENT TO THERE

without key...

BUT FOR ME ALWAYS DARE

NEVER BEEN HYPOCRITE

every thing was clear,
every scene was bright

..one bird and a hen.....patients families,
another couple of snakes but smal were there in the sight..

the small bird was smart, watching there from apart

for a call the other girl did she go
for a one as i guess was snake but little tall

on the desk 254 I did write, no drohan was at all

an error..then a line very light i drew

he was the one whom forced them to put a sign

but for me I refused as I used to..with no fight

.....
.....

WITH NO SOUND MY SCREAM..... HELP AND HELP

NO ONE HEARED AS IT SEEMS

KNOCKING WINDOWS... KNOCKING DOOR

WHILE THE SMALL FLOATING THERE ON THE FLOOR

NO ONE HELPED... NO ONE DARRRRRRRRRRRRE

THE BIG ONE STAYED STILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL

SLOWLY MOVING WANT TO KILLLLLLLLLLLL

HER STOMACH WANT TO FILLLLLLLLLLLL

THEN THE HEN WAS SWALLOWED

my friend was the hen.....my friend was the bell.....

.....

ONE OF THE BIG CAME

HE WAS WATCHING KILLING GAME

the small one with no tail

while the remained colored pale

EVERY THING TURNED TO HELL

WITH MY SHOES I CRUSHED

MANAGER FACE WAS FLUSHED

The cute bird was smart, watching there from a part

NOW THE BIG READY TO BITE

BUT MY BEACH SHE CAN'T REACH

CAN'T REACH THE MIND's HIGHT
as for me always given anti dot

my dreams warning me, always right, always hot

NOW I'M READY FOR THE SHOT

not for me..but for her..isthe WHITE... colored black is her DOT

DROHAN254....30/01/07 I dream about a true story..i was the small bird..my friend was the hen...the snakes were the one who made a trap for her, she was a victim, stabbed by many as she dared to say no.....the same snakes tried many times to kill me but always my dreams warned me and made me ready for any shot.....the dream is described exactly as it was.....still i have that pain my friend...

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Be Sure That Your Comment Is Posted....

This is a trial from me to check if i can post any thing..

today morning some one said to me that he can't access my page

then i log in many times within this hour but my name is not showing that iam on line..

then visited some poets where I commented FOR THEM, thought that i succeeded in commenting as nothing showed me that i failed, AND WHEN I CHECKED behind..i found that nothing was there..

hoping that this is a temporarily thing, ...watch please your comment if it is truly posted when ou do..

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Different State

Darkest nights alter to colored lights, .
Bodies yet lose the weight,
reaching a strange state
when you find your soulmate, and one thought
two minds celebrate.

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Does Any Body Know Whyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy.....

*****whyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy.....

Since few months iam un able to comment, i can do that only for one day then again i face the same problem. not ONLY me AS it seems that some OTHER MEMBERS FROM UAE face same problem...any body know why please..by the way i contacted poemhunter's staff many times but the deaf walls didnot reply..

same thing iam asked each minute to sign in, does any body face that? ? ? ? ? ?
? ? ? ?

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Execution's List

(for whom forced me to leave that orphan) ...
(I hear an orphan's tear while covered with his fear)

ohh, , on that list
an execution for who carry hot blood of the east
there was a list carry names of Dignity, pride and who is just for the least
there was a list... they postponed till after the feast, ,
oh me who was on the list..
I was on that list...
the monsters had a mercy, execute me not on my feast...
in that list, the racists practice their racism toward the east
that list executed flower of the east by whom never equalize a beast

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Execution's List

ohh, , on that list

an execution for whom carry the hot blood of the east

the dignity, the pride, the justice for the least

It was that list, they postponed till after the feast, ,

oh me was on that list..

I was on that list...

the monsters had a mercy not to execute me on my feast...

that list shows how the racists practice their racism toward the east

that list executed flower of the east by whom never equalize a beast

.

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Fate

it is fate of the poet
to always wait....

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

From The Longing Where To Hide? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

OH THE MIND

who remind

is it left..is it right?

who belong to my side?

who could feed?

empty souls? ? ? ? ? ? ?

who could ride!

in the heart .. in the the mind

in the soul

you abide

with no cheer

rusty mind,

want to reach

want to touch

his bride

want to taste ..

and inhale

his scent

who could guide?

occupied!

with the words

with the dreams

is the mind,

with the mate

is the soul

delicate

and with out rusty mind,

how to reach

where to go

how to find?

from the longing

where to hide?

occupied

is the heart..

is the time

and the mind..

occupied..

only one who revive

rusty mind

only one... who could dare

who could dive

of the loftiness

he

remind

from the longing how to hide

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe)))FreedOm Flottila .

Iam Thecover In The Lonely Nights...

ONE DAY I THOUGHT OF LEAVING

,
IT WAS A MOMENT.. I CLOSED MY EYES,

MY SELF WAS TORN TO PIECES,

APART OF ME WAS TAKEN AWAY..

THAT MOMENT I SAW A CRYING ORPHAN

BEGGING ME TO STAY.

I FOUND MY SELF SURROUNDED BY ALL OF YOU,

. YOUR TEARS FILLED MY EYES.

AND IN MY TURN STARTED TO CRY,

HOW I FORGOT THAT MY PLACE AS HIGH THERE IN THE SKY

HE WHISPERED TO ME YOU ARE THE GIVER
AND YOU WILL NEVER BE A MISER,

IN YOUR EYES I SAW MY TOUCH HEALING YOU,

WATCHFUL EYES GUARDING YOU,

WHEN THE SKY WILL BE MEAN..

.I'M THE RAIN IN YOUR DESERT,

THE SHINY SUN IN A STORMY WAY,

I'M THE COVER IN THE LONEIY

NIGHTS,

I'M THE BREEZE IN A SUMMER DAY...

WE

AS IT MAY SEEM FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

TO SOLDIERS IN THE WAR

WE ARE THE GUIDE FOR THE LOST IN UN KNOWN LAND,

WE MAINTAIN OUR MOTTO PLEDGE TO PROVIDE THE NEEDY

WITH OUR CARE TO REGARDLESS TO

RELIGION..ETHNICITY..COLOR AND RACE..

DEEPLY ROOTED IN THE LAND

NO ONE SHAKES US,

ABLE ALWAYS TO STAND

IN THE FACE OF A STORMY SAND

WE ARE THE PAIN RELIEVER

HAPPINESS BUILDERS

SECRETS KEEPERS

WHEN EVERY BODY LEAVES.

..YOU FIND ME THERE

READY TO GIVE..

READY TO CARE

I ERADICATE SCARY NIGHTS WITH NIGHT MARE

LIKE THE DOVES WILL CARRY YOU BACK TO HOME

AFTER THAT HECTIC DAY.....

I BECOME MORE CONSISTENT TO STAY

INSPITE OF DIFFICULTIES..

CROOKED WAY..

I WILL BE YOUR FATHER... MOTHER

I WILL NOT BOTHER... HOW MUCH THE COST

HOW MUCH I PAY

AND WHEN MY TEARS BECAME DEAR TO MY EYES

YOUR PRAYING CONVINCED ME MORE..AND MORE

JUST.....TO.....STAY

THE BLURRED PICTURES STARTED TO BE MORE CLEAR...

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

In His Heart A Golden Chair

(A great one while calling his baroness by these names...)

It was a scent...BUT not just any, ...
her scent filled the air
see breeze,
It was jasmine of lady faire

his contessa in the wind...singing him
.dancing love, and the feet dancing bare,

on the sound of his laughter, with the joy of her hair,
lady fire always hope, lady fire who would dare,

first of year was so long, and the night was so young.
....then arrived lady faire,

loving temptress, loving him...
her prince waiting there

summer eve never leave
the magic carpet....tinker belle who would weave
, tinker belle who would care,

lady fire who would water
the waiting soul, and your life she shall share
limitless love, limitless mare, charming knight...to her declare.,

..
charming knight, limitless mare..limitless love both declare

flying eagle and a raven may be odd, but united pair
their wings are bride, above the known seeking the rare

my lady doth sleep,
deeply sleep in heart of chair

as the magic calling her

little one...very deep, deeply sleep in my heart
....in my heart a golden chair

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Jon's Fatty Poem Is Swallowed By The Hunter

check my ost no.8..a trial to post..Jon posted a poem which at all didnot exist here while it was in the list..suddenly it was evaburated..fatty poem usually swallowed by the shark..

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Journalist Was Shot At The Head-At-Close-Range/

.Written on June 4,2010 at 8: 43 am by Sol Stance

IHH: Ziofascist Israel shot Journalist in the head at close range

Filed under Expose! no comments

".. He was shot from a distance of no more than three feet and his brain exploded ... one of our friends was shot even after he gave up"

-

Turkish humanitarian organization organizing the Freedom Flotilla attacked by Israeli naval commando has accused the activists were shot dead at close range.

Bülent Yildirm, who heads the Humanitarian Aid Foundation (IHH) , told reporters at the airport in Istanbul stating how a journalist named Cevdet killed by Israeli soldiers for no reason.

"He was just taking pictures. He was shot from a distance of no more than three feet and his brain exploded ... one of our friends was shot even after he gave up, " AFP quoted the statement Yildrim.

He accused the Israeli navy to kill "anyone who according to them to fight and even threw some activists into the sea.

"We were given the body of nine martyrs, but we have a long list of missing persons.. Our doctor gave more than 38 wounded, when we came back, they (Israel) said there were only 21 people were injured."

UN Human Rights Council adopted a Council resolution on Wednesday, said it would set up an independent international investigation into the actions of Israel's outrageous attacks against relief convoy of six ships.

Tel Aviv regime, which supported the military to use lethal force as an act of "self-defense, " the UN security council rejected the decision by saying the council had "no moral authority."

Israeli officials said nine people were killed in a deadly attack Monday, but reports from Palestinian sources said about 20 people were killed. (FQ / prtvt)

Another headshot with 4 Bullets

A U.S. citizen who lived in Turkey is among the nine people killed when Israeli

commandos stormed a Turkish aid ship heading for the Gaza Strip, officials said today. The victim was identified as Furkan Dogan,19, a Turkish-American. A forensic report said he was shot at close range, with four bullets in his head and one in his chest, according to the Anatolian news agency. More

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Keep On Raising Rate Of Beats

Keep on raising rate of beats

then the raising keep slow,

broken hearts i treat.

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Kisses Of The Thunder

Why To Wonder

for the rain,
try to ponder

.....

It Is a clash of the clouds
It is kisses of the thunder

.....

try to ponder
From summser born the winter

to be continued

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Kisses Of The Thunder

Why to wonder for the rain
why to wonder?

it is clash of the clouds
it is embrace of the souls
it is kisses of the thunder,
it is a drink
for the thirst
it is filling
of the hunger

.....

it is a touch...

from the clash
born the tender,

.....

it is feeling
from the earth
to the gull above clouds
to the thinker,

and the wind for the rain is messenger,

from the dance
of the n speed of the light
from a heart to other
heart...

waiting rain
every day on calender..

it is water of the seas..
and the warmth of the sun
and the soul is the sender,

it is a gift from the great,
his grace to the kinder,

It is sound of the weepy

It is tears of the ponder

why to wonder for the love? ?

It is secret of the gender
in the genes..in the lumbar,

It is a gift for the being,
It is a test from the sender
to the human
in the earth
for the earth to be a minder

.....
crying Earth for the the clouds

waiting rain

waiting him, the loving thunder

from the chills
SHE has
a shelter,
for the seasons of the feelings
for the storms
have
A FILTER

.....
try to ponder
the adventure
from summer born
the winter

.....
why to wonder
try to ponder
.....

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Leave Never

The sweet words of the silence when it utter...
the accolade of the waiting and spirits
of the lovers...

and the savor of breaking a virtue fast
which did last to the forever..

reward the waiting...
be the river

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Leave..Never

The sweet words of the silence when it utter...
the accolade of the waiting and spirits
of the lovers...

and the savor of breaking a virtue fast
which did last to the forever..

reward the waiting...
be the river

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

My Dress For Tonight, , ,

wait my poem and my dress above that tower
you can guess what it will be and what it's color..
this is not the poem.. that is a first step toward the tower
wait my coming poem.....

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

My Poems Speak My Last And Coming Stories

9am..29/09/09..I will BE Asked by FORCE TO leave the CRYING ORPHAN TO THE
MERCILESS HANDS AND DEAF MINDS

that will be tomorrow

wait my coming story..

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Our Birthday.. Almedia Knight And Me

Almedia and Hanaring were BORN in Spring,

For April All They SING

When I am Here All Away,

When They Hear The Danger's Ding,

When I am There..

The BIRDS freely start to Fly

And THE FlowerS Never Die

On MY WIngS You Will Be,

Dreamy Souls Touch The Sky.

And By Me Is kept Free.

To Keep The Trees Always High.

SO YOU GUESS...WHY AND WHY?

as trees watered by Me

And the Spring IS only mine

When I reach, bells do ring

HaNaRiNg.... It will SInG

All THE SeasOns Belong TO her

So..All Of You Say.....GOOD BYE..

Happy birthday my friend Almedia knight who asked me to write a poem for our

birthday...so a cheerful poem for you...25/04

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Popularity Does Not Always Reflect Quality

popularity does not reflect quality,

popularity means quantity...

...a poem may be which will be written, my respect to the excellent poets who are popular but they have a very good quality work...

iam planning too to be popular but to publish only the good work..

an invitation for you to sip with me that cup of emotions, read this poem please and the melody which iam going to complete..with regards and admiration for who concentrate on thier qualified work

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Rainbow - Dancing With The Wind

Amazing lady you..
like you has never been..
like him has never seen..
and no one will know,

At night at the sea..
when there you will be..
in the wind you and who,

you will dance with the wind
when the start never end
with the waves both flow,

dropp me back to the rain
keep with you the Love's chain
then back me to the bow,

the amazing one are you...

water me and the buds.
teach the buds how to grow,

Your words like the touch,
your touch like the dew,

Keep on singing every day
toward you open the way
then the feeling let it glow,

keep on raising rate of beats
then the raising keep slow..

BROKEN HEARTS I TREAT..

n your breathing let me live
let me come, let me go..
let the sadness..me to blow,

how the chance became dance..

how the arts of the parts
let me see and you show..
God CREATION God draw,

words from the heart
from the feeling i will sew..

.....
The wondrous one are you.....

.

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Ride The Rays And Come To Me..The Melody

The melody, you and me

say it again and let it rain
LOVE TO ME,

In the castle, above the sea,
waiting the blue..
waiting the white,
waiting the boat,

TO THE WIND SCREAMING
you to float,
to climb the castle
to kill ogre,

behind the gate, your soul mate
about to vanish to suffocate

where is the great? where is the key?

it is with the saint confess to me,

why to hesitate?

it is your fate being me,

on my tears stop to skate.

so much hunger, so much thirst,
for the taste,
why to waste our moments, ?
open the ways toward me

.....

I am the chaste, for you the nights
I maintain, for you remain,

congested heart, , blocking the vein,

THE SOUL IN PAIN, reduce the strain

and live in me,

obtain the days, the sorrow contain,

ride the rays and come to me
the heart..you gain,

it is the fate, you are the soul
she is the mate,

she can't bear your princess,
you are the peer,
come to her with her share
all your fear

no one can
rate more than her,

break the chain, both flare,

her place above
flower, above tree,

soar with her,
she is the bee,

come on date,
why to wait?

where is the great?
find the key

very far throw, deep in oceans,
deep in sea,

THE MELODY you AND she

she is yours, you are hers,

TOGETHER YOU..
A MELODY

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

She Will Stab You.....

She will slap your heart,

she will stab you

by her silence,

by her ignorance of you

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Silence

my silence is a speech

in my eyes you could read,

you could dive, you could teach.

trying hard being near

but your shores with no reach.

searching you in my all,

your dwelling in my each,

with a misery spattered the soul

my sorrow waiting you,

with the care, me to bleach...

and the labor was the longest

lonely faced with a will

and the love born breach

drowning there in the pain

watched by you from your beach.

little cruel, how to be

waiting you, me to teach

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Sipping Feelings, Spiritual Red

To imitate..

you have to learn how to wait,

your fear is very clear
with my heart I can hear,
with my eyes auscultate,

speed of light to a crawling
can't be rate

day by day, shedding tears
when you bear, deeply love accumulate,

your dreams were a bed, her dreams as a kid
only love her bread,

to be loved with a will
colored patience,
raising head,
to be you, eating thoughts,
sipping feelings,
spiritual red,

To be high or to fall, to be alive or a dead,
in between is a piece of a thread,

To be unique, you have to be as the greek
with a history, never fake
To be you, united be soul and mind
all of you, no one break

To be an ocean you have to be many seas,
many lakes
To be a true, always be only you.

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Strangers

(YEARS AGO)

..One day I thought of leaving, It was a moment, I closed my eyes, my self was torn to pieces, a part of me was taken away that moment I saw a crying orphan begging me to stay...

I found my self surrounded by all of you
your tears filled my eyes and in my turn started to cry asking how and why i
forgot my place which is placed so high in the sky

you whispered to me..you are the giver and you will never be a miser,

in your eyes I saw my touch healing you, watchful eyes guarding you,

when the sky will be mean Iam the rain in your desert, the shiny sun in a stormy
way, I'm the cover in the lonely nights, iam the breeze in a summer day,

we as it may seems Florence nightingale to soldiers in the war
We are the guide for the lost in UN unknown land, we maintain our motto pledge
to provide the needy with our care, regardless to religion, ethnicity and race...

(deeply rooted in the land, no one shakes us, able always to stand in the face of
a stormy sands)

we are the pain relievers, happiness builders, secrets' keepers

when every body leaves, you find me there ready to give, ready to care,
eradicate scary nights with night mare, like the doves carry you back to home,

AFTER THAT HECTIC DAY.....I BECOME MORE CONSISTENT TO STAY

despite DIFFICULTIES.., CROOKED WAY..

I will be your father, mother, I will not bother, how much the cost, how much i
pay,

and when my tears became dear to my eyes,
your praying convinced me more and morrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrreeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee
just..... to stayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy

The blurred pictures started to be more clear.....

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Tamara Jay By Barry Lanier

Tamara Jay

My Dubain Princess

So far, far away

Thinking only

Of you

This special day

Your soft words

Lifting burdens

Reviving hearts

Moment's frozen

In sweet time

So far, far apart

Yet picture

This smile

So far, far away

Thinking only

Of you

On this special

Day

{Happy Birthday}

Barry A. Lanier

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

The Boring Poem Hunter...

(These words were posted by me before yesterday and again today i face same trouble by being un able to comment after i was able to do so for only one day..0.

DOES Any body know whyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy.....

Since few months iam un able to comment, i can do that only for one day then again i face the same problem. not ONLY me AS it seems that some OTHER MEMBERS FROM UAE face same problem...any body know why please..by the way i contacted poemhunter's staff many times but the deaf walls didnt reply..

same thing iam asked each minute to sign in, does any body face that? ? ? ? ?
? ? ? ?

(this is my comment on the same post after i discovered that i became able to comment...)

TaMaRa HaNaRinG**** Another Foe..... SWINE FLU (10/8/2009 3: 04: 00 AM)
| Delete this message

I SWEAR that there are gohsts here..wowwwwwwwwwww i discovered that today i can comment..let me return the favors for others but i will not be fooled by them to delet my post..no...as tomorrow or after an hour..i will face the same problem..some times I have some majic..so today is the majic's day..let me use itttttttttttttt....OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

The Crying Orphan..My First Poem...

ONE DAY I THOUGHT OF LEAVING ,
IT WAS A MOMENT.. I CLOSED MY EYES,
MY SELF WAS TORN TO PIECES, APART OF ME WAS TAKEN AWAY..
THAT MOMENT I SAW A CRYING ORPHAN BEGGING ME TO STAY.
I FOUND MY SELF SURROUNDED BY ALL OF YOU,
. YOUR TEARS FILLED MY EYES .
AND IN MY TURN STARTED TO CRY ,
HOW I FORGOT THAT MY PLACE AS HIGH THERE IN THE SKY
HE WHISPERED TO ME YOU ARE THE GIVER AND YOU WILL NEVER BE A MISER,

IN YOUR EYES I SAW MY TOUCH HEALING YOU,

WATCHFUL EYES GUARDING YOU,

WHEN THE SKY WILL BE MEAN...I'M THE RAIN IN YOUR DESERT,

THE SHINY SUN IN A STORMY WAY,

I'M THE COVER IN THE LONEIY

NIGHTS,

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WE

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IN THE FACE OF A STORMY SAND
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HAPPINESS BUILDERS

SECRETS KEEPERS
WHEN EVERY BODY LEAVES.
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INSPIRE OF DIFFICULTIES..

CROOKED WAY..

I WILL BE YOUR FATHER... MOTHER

I WILL NOT BOTHER... HOW MUCH THE COST

HOW MUCH I PAY...

AND WHEN MY TEARS BECAME DEAR TO MY EYES
YOUR PRAYING CONVINCED ME MORE..AND MORE

JUST.....TO.....STAY

THE BLURRED PICTURES STARTED TO BE MORE CLEAR

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

The Game..Politics In Poetry

yesterday i said that keep an open eye on poemhunter sky..as the gohsts will appear again so my reaction depend on type of the game..i welcoimed him at the end of my post i will break all the rules but now i feel that there is a game from poemhunter..it looks like they call him back to make his, presence legal..IS he a victim an injured bird or what or a part of poem hunter game? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

20 minutes ago...

Most Visited Poets (Jul 22 - Aug 31)

Poet Popularity? ?

1. PETER STAVROPOULOS (BEST LOVE POEMS) 2268
2. SULAIMAN MOHD YUSOF 2020
3. LIFE POEM 1819
4. WAEL KARAMEH 1817
5. CHARLES WILES (BEST LOVE POEMS) 1564
6. DONOOS PEERBOCUS 1397
7. TAMARA JAY HANARING 1396
8. DON LONDON 1280
9. HASMUKH AMATHALAL 1034
10. MARIETA MAGLAS 1021

What is the 'popularity'? ☐

Click for the complete list

5 minutes back

Full Name Country Popularity (July 22 - August 31)

1. ME, MYSELF AND I United Kingdom Click for details: 6,988 ☐
2. PETER STAVROPOULOS (BEST LOVE POEMS) Australia Click for details:

2,274 ☐

3. SULAIMAN MOHD YUSOF Singapore [Click for details](#): 2,026 ☐

4. LIFE POEM United States [Click for details](#): 1,824 ☐

5. WAEL KARAMEH Lebanon [Click for details](#): 1,821 ☐

6. CHARLES WILES (BEST LOVE POEMS) United Kingdom [Click for details](#): 1,568 ☐

7. TAMARA JAY HANARING United Arab Emirates [Click for details](#): 1,402 ☐

8. DONOOS PEERBOCUS Mauritius [Click for details](#): 1,399 ☐

9. DON LONDON United Kingdom [Click for details](#): 1,284 ☐

10. HASMUKH AMATHALAL India [Click for details](#): 1,035

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))Freedom Flottila .

The Great

IF LOVE IS A WEAKNESS,
IT IS WEAKNESS OF THE GREAT,
YOUR WORDSWERE THE KEY,
, MY MIND WASTHE GATE,
MY FEELINGS NEVER LIE,
MY HEART NEVER HATE,
WHEN NO ONE IS THERE,
IAM THE ONE WHO WILL WAIT,
YOUR JOY AND THE CHEAR,
THE SHARING AND THE CARE,
TO ME YOU CAN RELATE,
YOUR MIND AND THE SOUL,
TO ME CORRELATE,
THE LOVE AND THE HOPE,
WE ABLE TO CREATE,
LET US KEEP THE ROPE,
.....
IAM HERE NEVER LEAVE,
WAITING TILL THE DATE,
I WISH... YOU TO COME,

ON TIME AND NOT BE SO LATE,

THE KEY ONLY YOURS,

DON'T CLOSE THE GATE,

MY HEART FULL OF LOVE,

MY HEART NEVER HATE...

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

The Mermaid And The Sailor

</>Dive deeply through the passages of my mind..
paths leading into the depth and warmth of my soul's home,

In my down time, where I am again alone but with my lasting friend, my self,
whom I always own..

while sipping my hot drink, warming my soul with my hands while tightly
holding my d with the steam which warmly listens to my silent eyes' dream.

here where your day ends and my day does start,

I will warm my lonely heart with a racing ride,
in the wide fields with my steeds whereby their speed will be my guide.

On top of the green hills..with the sound of the music,
where in my soul it abides.,

A beautiful lady knight will stay so still while she is the flower of that hill,
.surrounded by the silence of all that 's around,

when the mirror of my eyes will be embraced by their loving lids while trying to
hide a need so deep beneath my pride..

will soar with your voyage..

for the ship of my heart...will wait on that shores

will travel to the fairies land,
will break all the rules by sailing with no oars to places so far

Will reach your heart's oasis....

.the islands of your mind where that mermaid there you will find....

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

The Message.....The Life Is But A Bassage

It was a message

touchingly saying

the life is but a passage.

In her eyes was a sorrow,

asking for only one? ? continued search for any clue,

a crying soul begging to know and heart to rule

On the edge of

that mountain where he sat..watching the sun,

watching the rise till the set, , recalling past,

living the now, loving then, trying to keep little of it..,

the same she does..with no regret.....

On that mountain where is the days are very few,

trying to grasp little of life and love true while

the days continue to flit,

.but who is she? ! she is apiece of the large universe having

so much of his grit.,

trying to be in his place, watching with him how the sun plays,

and it's beauty stealing the days..,

to her he said bask with me in the life, in the sun,

as not every day we will stay and being touched by sunny ray,

In that place seeing him watching the sky and it's blue..

if this is the case and what is said is very true then hand in hand,

and face to face the fate they draw,

if this is the case then every day the love grow

as what you plant you always why to rue....

It was her tool, it was a feeling

a touching call from his soul... bask with me, let us glow..and there

she sat..watching the sun

and more of you..becoming more and very sure that the seed is very true..and her worries were never due,

it was a message

it was a feeling continued singing only you

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

The Same Race.....

ABLE TO FACE

THE STORM IN THE RACE,
CLIMB MOUNTAINS
AND BACK TO BASE
HANDS IN HANDS
SOULS WITH SOULS
EYE TO EYE
AND FACE TO FACE
LIFE IS SHORT,
TIME IS FAST
WE LIVE IN HASTE,
YOU DIG THE ROADS
WITH WILL AND THOUGHTS
YOU..FILL THE MIND
WITH LOVE AND SOUND
NO ONE ERASE,
YOU SURF THE SEA
YOU DIG AND SEE,
AND BACK TO

PLACE

YOU DIVE IN SOULS,

YOU USE ALL TOOLS

RUB HATE AND FOOLS,

AND PEACE REPLACE

THE SAME RACE

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

The Snake

THE SNAKE

At the right

UNDER SHELF...silence THERE IN ABOX

ready TO BITE

.....
.....

ME AND SHE WENT TO THERE

without key ...

BUT FOR ME ALWAYS DARE

NEVER BEEN HYPOCRITE

every thing was clear,
every scene was bright

..one bird and a hen.....patients families,
another couple of snakes but smal were there in the sight..

the small bird was smart, watching there from apart

for a call the other girl did she go
for a one as i guess was snake but little tall

on the desk 254 I did write, no drohan was at all

an error..then a line very light i drew

he was the one whom forced them to put a sign

but for me I refused as I used to with no fight

.....
.....

WITH NO SOUND MY SCREAM..... HELP AND HELP
NO ONE HEARED AS IT SEEMS
KNOCKING WINDOWS... KNOCKING DOOR
WHILE THE SMALL FLOATING THERE ON THE FLOOR
NO ONE HELPED... NO ONE DARRRRRRRRRRRRRE
THE BIG ONE STAYED STILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL
SLOWLY MOVING WANT TO KILLLLLLLLLLLL
HER STOMACH WANT TO FILLLLLLLLLLLL
THEN THE HEN WAS SWALLOWED

my friend was the hen.....my friend was the bell.....

.....

ONE OF THE BIG CAME
HE WAS WATCHING KILLING GAME
the small one with no tail
while the remained colored pale
EVERY THING TURNED TO HELL
WITH MY SHOES I CRUSHED
MANAGER FACE WAS FLUSHED
The cute bird was smart, watching there from a part
NOW THE BIG READY TO BITE

BUT MY BEACH SHE CAN'T REACH

CAN'T REACH THE MIND HIGHT

as for me always given anti dot
that was my dream yesterday on a flight
my dreams warning me, always right, always hot

NOW I'M READY FOR THE SHOT

not for me..but for her that WHITE... colored black is her DOT

DROHAN254....30/01/07-11/05/09 dream about a true story..i was the small bird..my friend was the hen...the snakes were the one who made a trap for her, she was a victim, stapped by many as she dared to say no.....the same snakes tried many times to kill me but always my dreams warned me and made me ready for any shot.....the dream is described exactly as it was.....still i have that pain my friend.....

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Your Words Like The Touch, Your Touch Like The Dew

RAINBOW

Amazing lady you..
like you has never been..
like him has never seen..
and no one will know,

At night at the sea..
when there you will be..
in the wind you and who,

you will dance with the wind
when the start never end
with the waves both flow,

dropp me back to the rain
keep with you the Love's chain
then back me to the bow,

the amazing one are you...

water me and the buds.
teach the buds how to grow,

Your words like the touch,
your touch like the dew,

Keep on singing every day
toward you open the way
then the feeling let it glow,

keep on raising rate of beats
then the raising keep slow..

BROKEN HEARTS I TREAT..

n your breathing let me live
let me come, let me go..
let the sadness..me to blow,

how the chance became dance..
how the arts of the parts
let me see and you show..
God CREATION God draw,

words from the heart
from the feeling i will sew..

.....
The wondrous one are you.....

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Zionism Lies..Freedom Flottila

all what they taught you is beyond mind's ability to understand,
astonished we stand while watching the humanity turning to blind,
while slapping the heads by heavy hands
to awaken the deep so sleepy minds...(((TAMARA)))

.Written on June 3,2010 at 8: 03 pm by Sol Stance

A massacre is not a massacre

By Ghassan Hage/ professor of anthropology and social theory at the University of Melbourne.

I don't write poems but, in any case, poems are not poems.

Long ago, I was made to understand that Palestine was not Palestine;
I was also informed that Palestinians were not Palestinians;
They also explained to me that ethnic cleansing was not ethnic cleansing.
And when naive old me saw freedom fighters they patiently showed me that they were not freedom fighters, and that resistance was not resistance.
And when, stupidly, I noticed arrogance, oppression and humiliation they benevolently enlightened me so I can see that arrogance was not arrogance, oppression was not oppression, and humiliation was not humiliation.

I saw misery, racism, inhumanity and a concentration camp.
But they told me that they were experts in misery, racism, inhumanity and concentration camps and I have to take their word for it: this was not misery, racism, inhumanity and a concentration camp.
Over the years they've taught me so many things: invasion was not invasion, occupation was not occupation, colonialism was not colonialism and apartheid was not apartheid.

They opened my simple mind to even more complex truths that my poor brain could not on its own compute like: "having nuclear weapons" was not "having

nuclear weapons, " "not having weapons of mass destruction" was "having weapons of mass destruction."

And, democracy (in the Gaza Strip) was not democracy.

Having second class citizens (in Israel) was democracy.

So you'll excuse me if I am not surprised to learn today that there were more things that I thought were evident that are not: peace activists are not peace activists, piracy is not piracy, the massacre of unarmed people is not the massacre of unarmed people.

I have such a limited brain and my ignorance is unlimited.

And they're so fucking intelligent. Really.

((((((Ghassan Hage is professor of anthropology and social theory at the University of Melbourne

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Zzzzzzzzzzz... The Mermaid And The Sailor...Thanks

thanks for all who commented and thanks for who inspired me,

who let it be from Top 500 poems

thanks for that sailor who left his mermaid on that island while waiting under one tree..

thanks for who let my tears fall when harshly criticized me..

thanks for who felt me.....

what does matter is being able to reach you...to share you my

thoughts and my aching heart's beats..

TaMaRa HaNaRiNg ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .

Zzzzzzzzzzz.....Emails Which Threaten Me To Leave...

I don't remember that I hurted any one here before they started hurting me, and too i don't remember that i hurted any one at all so i wonder why all this hate which continue, I received many emails before threatening me or like this one which i will post now..this i know whom A RESPECTED ONE AS IT LOOKS..

for whom will be happy if i will go or delet my posts, don't be because iam not going to do, it looks like you don't know me..you have to study me so well..Iam a rock..lol..iam rock filled by precious minerals and elements, it was said to me iam made from the best materials..

when my poems where manipulated by ugly hands each one asked me to stop writing about g that you will not ask me g that I recieved many emails from some whom i do not know, it seems i was the talk of poemhunter as some one said to me that his friends complain me to him..will post his message too....here i want to post the emails which were sent to me...I will be behind THE cheaters till they be tired..this is a poetry site and not a jealousy place...

the first gift is for valvia, , i don't know even your name..the other emails will follow...

note: if there is any grammattical or spelling mistake then you can correct it by your self thanks.....the warrior poet

From: Flavia S.v. (India ;)

To: Tamara - Hanaring

Date Time: 9/19/2009 12: 54: 00 AM (GMT -6: 00)

Subject: glad u realised

and deleted all
cos yours are nonsense
fit for fools

it seems she commented to me before but i ignored her...

these are her comments..

8/2/2009 9: 20: 00 AM

POEM: A TRIAL..trying to see if i can post..LATEST POST-TaMaRa JaY HaNaRiNg

is this a poem too.....

8/2/2009 9: 17: 00 AM

POEM: A-A.....KisseS Of The Thunder...from ToP 500 PoeMS-TaMaRa JaY
HaNaRiNg

thunder

wonder

trying to ponder

are your words going asunder

iam going to add other emails from other members

these emails from this one..

From: .Your Conscience.

To: TaMaRa HaNaRinG *in your eyes I saw my touc

Date-Time: 9/13/2009 7: 17: 00 AM (GMT -6: 00)

Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: I think

-

Hey lost soul,

First thing first, I m male. Second thing is I want you to bring you on the track.

You have lost your way and wandering aimlessly in the jungle of PH. You are not only deluding yourself but also deluding others. I am not going to click your poetry because it would increase your click. And it would prolong your reign in top 10. But one day you too will be kick out from top 10.

your conscience

□

From □*** Your Conscience *** (Brute Truth Antarctica; Male; 9)

To □TaMaRa HaNaRinG *in your eyes I saw my touc

Date Time □9/12/2009 11: 39: 00 PM (GMT -6: 00)

□

□

Subject □Re: Re: I think

hein don't use black berry and be may ask what right I have to advise you. I have right to tell you because I am conscience of all and 'your conscience'. And If I am 90 years old then u r 4000 years old some Egyptian and off course not a Suleiman wrote poem was just a flattery. don't think it has iota of truth in it. He wrote poem for many stop writing rubbish and delet your account and sleep peacefully or go and do some shopping.

From □*** Your Conscience *** (Brute Truth Antarctica; Male; 9)

To □TaMaRa HaNaRinG *know me through watchful e

Date Time □9/5/2009 11: 18: 00 AM (GMT -6: 00)

□

□

Subject □hein

See dear! Give up this buisness to remain in top 10. It is tedious job. You have to remain most of the time. Then you have to post comments on as many people as possible. Even though poem might be bad still you have to praise the you have to come with weird displayed names to attract the readers. It is stress for you. And competition is not good for you. How come I know all things. Because I am your conscience.
your conscience

TaMaRa HaNaRinG ,((((PaLeSTiNe))))FreedOm Flottila .